The Columbian,
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, IN
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

TERMS.

Two Dollars a year, in advance. If not paid in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.

Address all letters to
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Editor of the COLUMBIAN,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 5. BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Terms of Advertising.

One Square, one or three insertions	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than thirteen.	50
One Square one month	2 00
Two " "	3 00
Three " "	5 00
Four " "	6 00
Half column "	10 00
One column "	15 00
Executor's and Administrator's Notices	3 00
Auditor's Notices	2 50

Editorial Notices twenty cents per line.

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the gold[illegible]
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While He values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords remember,
That your meanest kind are men—
Men of labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal right to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little well-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not station,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed, and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

THE

STORY OF A STRANGE JURY.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the Court of Assize, there was a general stir among the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit—not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the State. He had figured at Augtil in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lepervier had undertaken his defence, M. Louraugain, the Attorney-General, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known they were to be pitted against each other, in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbe Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective as the great lady of the last century was followed by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction a man became a mortal, a horse a courser; the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably the "authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a knife a sword, a car a chariot, and a breeze became a whirlwind; all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Granger was a clumsily-built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small, cunning gray eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the jail to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request as soon as it became known that Madame Cesarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department—neither gentleman, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet prisoner. When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of the twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the council on either side whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the Attorney-General added that he would require the adding of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernon. At the sound a slight murmur was heard among the spectators, while MM. Louraugain and Lepervier exchanged a rapid glance which seemed to say: "Will not *you* challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernon into his appointed place, and amid profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vernon had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always answered in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do I trouble my head about *your* affairs?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow, with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernon was precisely the man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havanna. He was tall, very thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his moustaches curled to a point, and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings he used to frequent the public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his moustache, and with a stiff, silent bow, took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said: "Good-night, Major!" Then the Major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply: "Good-night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the Major was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the Major possessed an evil eye, that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good-night' to the Major."

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually content with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur no doubt forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops."

"Impossible, Major; there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the Major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter, and said, "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carbine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The Major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectable distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens. Two large ones flew out of the turret just as the Major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"*Sacre bleu!*" said he, picking them up. "I am regularly sold—they're quite lean."

He returned to the hotel, and according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food. From that day the Major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on the public promenade every one avoided him; at the theatre his box was generally occupied by himself alone, and each old woman that met him in the street invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernon was never known to enter a church or accept an invitation; at first he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernon. The paper of accusation, notwithstanding drawn up by the Attorney-General with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amid profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had coolly settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half open his dull, brutish eyes. When the clerk had ceased to read Pierre Granger was with difficulty thoroughly awakened, and the president proceeded to question him. The interrogatory fully revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself; as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Louraugain and M. Lepervier both made marvelously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration he managed to squeeze from his eyes a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son. At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but as the heat in the court was excessive, and every one present stood in need of refreshments, leave was given for the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, and reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the Major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome." The juror took a cigar and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor. "Well, how do you like it?" asked the Major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From the Havanna." Several jurors now approached, casting longing glances at Major Vernon's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose, and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking he fell backward, and lay senseless on the floor. The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernon to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger. Eleven gentlemen exclaimed with one voice that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernon, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly:

"I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman, in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the Major meekly.

"Certainly, in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken, to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the Major, "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernon. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests with us. Before I can resolve to make a dead body of a living, moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued; the Major's words seemed to strike home to every breast, and at length one of the jurors said: "You seem, sir, to regard the question from a philosophic point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cernau."

"You know me, then?" said the juror in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair, at being refused by you a short renewal, which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying M. Cernau retired to the farthest corner of the room, and wiped off the large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" inquired another juror impatiently. "Have we come here to act scenes from the 'Memoirs of the Devil?'"

"I don't know that work," replied the Major; "but I advise you, Monsieur de Barbine, to calm your nerves!"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine, you murder them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Lillar, which took place, I am told, without witnesses. While he was off his guard you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is certainly by no means enticing."

With an instinctive movement M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off.

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the Major. "It especially becomes *you*, Monsieur Darien—"

"What infamy are you going to cast in *my* teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills *his* friends, you only dishonor *yours*. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

"Major," cried the other juror, "you are a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain among us, I believe, is the man who himself set fire to his house six months after having insured it at treble its value in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands.

"Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernon.

"Who am I, Monsieur Peron? Simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Peron gave an involuntary start, and thenceforth held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the Major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men with a cold, metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernon burst into a strange, sharp, hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you to be unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you, he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue—that was his real crime. Now, if after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said to her purpose—if he had purchased a burial ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of a pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the Major; you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madam Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

Then the Major was silent. They were now in total darkness. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash, but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The Major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear sir," he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man in the party; and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then, having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought in, he said: "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterwards the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of not guilty—and Pierre Granger was discharged amid the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who, indeed, were only prevented by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernon coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side door.

From that time neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hailstones as large as pigeon's eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church, tore down its gilded cross.

* * * * *

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it *verbatim* from his lips; and as I was leaving the building the sergeant who accompanied me said: "So, sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rodomontates of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false, from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has given evident proofs of mental aberration. His monomania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of having tried to rob and murder Major Vernon. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernon?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon, beloved and respected, during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havanna cigar, after the table-d'hote dinner of the Crown Hotel."

VERSE-MAKING.

IT was once the custom in many reviews, calling themselves Christian and civilized, and so regarded each by its private sect or following, to immolate at least one young poet quarterly at the shrine of stony-faced and rocky-bosomed criticism. It was esteemed a charming diversion, if not an act of religion, in the days of Mr. Gifford or of Mr. Wilson Croker, to make some timid and feeble rhymer ridiculous, to put him out of countenance by merciless sneering, and to demonstrate his foibles and failures for the amusement of a giggling public. Pope set the fashion of denouncing dunces, and all the writers who had bad hearts, and could string together ten-syllabled couplets, thought it manly and vigorous to follow his somewhat peevish example. Criticism, however purposeless and virulent, is apt to assume the airs of an offended and impatient morality, and to take credit to itself for smiting remorselessly and conscientiously. But imbecility, at least when it is inoffensive, should be privileged, and professional flaw-picking, exercised sheerly for the purpose of giving pain, is no more respectable than the professional flogging and pickling which prevailed not long ago in certain parts of the United States. At the same time, while avoiding all personal application, we may venture to point out a foible which is a well-marked and not altogether an encouraging characteristic of our own day, and to suggest to the innumerable writers of verse that, however much they may be permitted to sing for their own sake, the world just now has but small need of their wares. Goethe once boasted that, in all his life, he had "never thought about thinking," and we would enter a protest which we are sure is honest, and which we think is timely, against the making of verses for the sake of verse-making. Metrical indulgence, both in England and this country, has grown into an epidemical and inveterate habit, not cultivated as it should be, if at all, in a corner, but published to all the world, which is continually challenged to admire endless variations of a few themes long ago worn threadbare. Facility of execution, at best a natural or acquired knack, is mistaken for genuine inspiration; nor does there seem to be any pretence of considering whether the world is in need of any addition to its already large poetical stock. It is with the most sincere kindness that we take the liberty of pointing out, particularly to the young, the waste of time, of strength, and of mental serenity which this universal strumming involves.

Twenty years ago there was exhibited in London a machine, not the human product of a college, but literally a material machine, which made excellent Latin hexameters. The unfortunate inventor had spent thirteen precious years of his life in perfecting "the Eureka," as he called it. Without wasting our time in explaining this curious puzzle, it is enough to say that it actually ground out hexameters which were like those of Virgil in some respects, but considerably unlike them in others.

It seems to us that it is very much in this way that many modern brains produce what its authors call poetry, and its judicious critics verse. It is a literal making. The memory is full of phrases, the ear of familiar quantities; fashion or accident supplies the subject, and daily practice renders the construction easy. So skilful sometimes is this species of metrical manufacture, that it is hard to determine with accuracy, while we feel its deficiency, in what that deficiency consists. There is a modest respectability which deceives the careless reader who accepts sound for sense, without any suspicion of the trick which is played upon his ear. Coleridge once wrote a few verses of absolute nonsense in the manner of Dr. Darwin, which he read to a lady, who rewarded him by seriously exclaiming, "Ah, Mr. Coleridge, now I see that you *are* a poet." This we admit to be an extreme illustration; but there are thousands of rhymers now spinning longs and shorts, sometimes confounding them, whose work, we must say, unfortunately, has just sense enough in it to save it from wholesome and decisive condemnation. If they were absolute fools they would soon be laughed into silence; but as their stanzas are to a certain extent rational, the good-natured public receives them with a fatal affability, and has no call to forgive a mediocrity which it is too indolent or too indifferent to detect. Every editor receives bushels of verses which he might print, if he had but room for them, without any particular discredit to his taste or judgment. Their authors naturally do not understand their rejection. "Is not this," they say, "as good as Tennyson? Is it not, at least, very much like him? Does not this remind you of Mr. Browning? Might not this be mistaken for one of Mr. Longfellow's own productions?" Of course there is bitter disappointment.

We readily admit that verse-making is an elegant accomplishment, an innocent amusement, and a real auxiliary in the education of the mind to elevated habits, and a daily recognition of the comely and ideal in spite of the pertinacious intrusion of the inevitable vulgarities of life. It is, or it can be trained to be, a protection against those low aims and selfish purposes into the adoption of which we are so easily betrayed. As the record of our best experiences and healthiest discipline, as a memorandum of our sincerest resolutions and most earnest regrets, as a relief to the sorrow which otherwise might too bitterly prey upon the mind, as a grateful tribute to love or affection, as the natural expression of a certain class of noble and lovely thoughts, verse may be the readiest and most appropriate form of recording so much of our life as we wish especially to remember. It may train the hand as a fine landscape trains the eye, and make the best words and phrases habitual in our conversation. But the chief charm not less than the chief utility of this private verse-making is in its indomitable privacy, and in the indignation and just self-estimate with which it shrinks from publication. "I have painted many bad pictures," said a gentleman in our hearing, "but I have never exhibited them;" and there was wisdom in the painting no less than in the privacy. It was well to paint—it was well also to conceal; it is well to write verse—it may be excellent to keep it in one's portfolio, to be resolute against sending it to the newspapers, to be chary of reading it to the best beloved and most patient of friends. It is certainly no argument against the validity of any composition that it embodies thoughts and feeling which, though novel to the individual, are yet common to the race; but this consideration diminishes the necessity and propriety of formal publication, and should warn us against the sheer vanity of parading truisms which, however fine and familiar, are truisms still. It is the secret of poetical vitality that it expresses what the majority of men have felt, and after one happy spirit has found fit words and music for the general thought, a mockery of the original song becomes easy to hundreds who sing from a recollection of what has pleased them, and ape the minstrel airs of the Byron of yesterday or of the Tennyson of to-day.

It is wonderful how much clever journey-work of this kind is performed, and from one point of view it is encouraging, for the prevalence of this accomplishment does indicate, we are free to admit, a degree of popular refinement, and even a good bit of appreciative taste. But there is nothing new in it. We suppose that there was a mob of gentlemen in Rome who wrote easily, as we know that there was in England in the days of Dryden. But schools, magazines, newspapers have made this poetical imitation cheap and common, while the passion for printing has kept pace with the multiplied mechanical facilities of printing—the power-press being responsible for thousands of volumes which nothing can save from oblivion, and which represent more heart-burning, more disappointment, and more ludicrous self-complacency than we care to compute. Poetry has grown to be like photography. We have all one's friends and acquaintances in our albums in their holiday raiment, and with a perpetual putting on of their best looks; and altogether they are not worth so much to us as some old portrait of some unknown man or woman long ago dead, the painter of which knew the secret of avoiding that air of conscious propriety which no sitter before the camera can put off. There is no fault to be found with the photograph except the paradoxical one that it is so extremely like that it is not like at all. It is equally hard to say, sometimes, why or in what poetical disciples are not the equals of their masters; but the mysterious vice of imitation makes us indifferent to their best stanzas, and deprives their finest tunes of the charm of sincerity. Byron said of Mr. Sotheby that he had imitated all the poets of his time, and had occasionally beaten all his models; yet a verse-maker more entirely forgotten than Mr. Southeby we cannot at this moment remember.

We protest, in conclusion, that we have no quarrel with the *cacoethes scribendi*, which we believe may often be turned to good account. It is from the folly of printing, or attempting to print, that we would good-naturedly dissuade hundreds of estimable persons. The young gentleman who can make a clever sketch does not send it to the Artists' Exhibition. The young lady who can play tolerably well a concerto of Beethoven does not advertise a concert at the Academy. The best declaimer of the "private theatricals" does not apply to Mr. Wallack for an engagement. If we have amateur fiddlers and painters and pianists content with strictly domestic glory, why may we not have amateur versifiers building the lofty rhyme without the least ambition, and sending their sonnets to the seclusion of their desks, or to the albums of their gentle if not judicious friends? It may be pleasant to print, but it is also pleasant to burn; and to those who have never experienced the latter gratification we cordially commend the experiment.—*New York Nation.*

For the Columbian.

LORENZO DOW.

THIS remarkable and eccentric preacher was born in Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut, October 16, 1777, and died in Georgetown, District of Columbia, February 2, 1834. He visited Northern Pennsylvania shortly before his death, and will no doubt be remembered by many persons who read the present notice. His age; his venerable beard; his fluency; his remarkable memory, natural shrewdness, and independence of character, created curiosity and respect, and impromptu audiences could be assembled anywhere in the country to see him and hear him discourse upon the religious, moral, historical, and biographical topics of which he was a master. His eccentricity, oddity, and independence; his unusual way of life; and his wide and prolonged experience of men and human affairs, both in America and Europe, gave him a hold upon popular audiences beyond that due to natural ability and the matter of his discourses. But as was natural enough, he was sometimes regarded as insane, and called "Crazy Dow," and sometimes by ignorant people he was reputed to possess supernatural powers, as is shown by the story which we shall quote at the conclusion of this article.

Dow was undoubtedly a philanthropist, and during his prolonged life went through a prodigious amount of labor for the spiritual welfare of mankind. He was disinterested, zealous, and laborious in his work; travelled immense distances in performing his self-appointed mission to his fellow-creatures; and the narrative of his life, as prepared by himself, ranks among the most curious and remarkable records in our language. It is true, Dow did not possess a powerful intellect, and was upon many subjects superficial in his learning and bigoted in his opinions. He believed in visions, dreams, and prognostications. He wrote a great deal of trash when engaged in controversy or in expounding theological dogmas. He had deep-rooted prejudices, which often exhibited themselves almost ludicrously in the midst of pious appeals or sober narrative. He had special antipathies against Jesuits and Calvinists, and constantly denounced them, and with considerable rhetorical power, in his sermons and writings. His sharp, smart, or shrewd sayings in his personal association with others were innumerable, and are even yet, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, repeated by those who heard them. But in his case even remarks which were unimportant were treasured up and remembered. We are told that when in this section he was driven to an appointment a considerable distance by a countryman who had been despatched for the purpose. The driver was naturally desirous of getting as much conversation as possible from his companion, and among other things asked whether a particular but somewhat extravagant story told about him was true. Old Dow paused a moment, and fixing his eyes upon the Nob, exclaimed:

"Why, what a noble mountain that is!" The driver subsided.

But we proceed to the story:

A THIEF DETECTED.

One night after Mr. Dow had retired to bed, after a hard day's travel in the western part of Virginia, a number of persons collected in the bar-room to enjoy their usual revelries, as was the custom in that part of the country. At a late hour in the night the alarm was given that one of the company had lost his pocket-book, and a search was proposed. Whereupon the landlard remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house, and that if the money were there he knew that Lorenzo could find it. The suggestion was instantly received with approbation, and accordingly Mr. Dow was aroused from his slumbers, and brought forth to find the money. As he entered the room his eyes ran through the company with searching inquiry; but nothing appeared that could fix guilt upon any one. The loser appeared with a countenance expressive of great concern, and besought Mr. Dow, for Heaven's sake, to find him his money.

"Have any left the company since you lost your money?" said Mr. Dow.

"None," said the loser, "none!"

"Then," said Lorenzo, turning to the landlady, "go and bring me your large dinner-pot."

This created no little surprise; but as supernatural powers were universally conceded him, his directions were unhesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward, and set in the middle of the room.

"Now," said Lorenzo, "go and bring the old chicken-cock from the roost."

This was also done, and at Lorenzo's direction the cock placed in the pot and covered over with a board or lid.

"Let the doors now be fastened and the lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow. Which was also done.

"Now," said he, "every person in the room must rubs his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow."

Accordingly all came forward, and rubbed, or pretended to rub, against the pot. But no cock crew.

"Let the candles now be lighted," said Lorenzo; "there is no guilty person here. If the man ever had any money he must have lost it some place else But stop," said Lorenzo, when all things were prepared; "let us now examine the hands."

This was the important part of his arrangement; for on examination it

found that one man had not rubbed his against the pot. The others' hands being black with the soot of the pot was a proof of their innocence.

"There," said Lorenzo, pointing to the man with the *clean hands*, there is the man who picked your pocket.

"The culprit, seeing his detection, at once acknowledged his guilt, and gave up the money.

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT.

ON Tuesday last the hero and patriot Scott died at West Point, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He had nearly reached the ripe age of eighty years, and expired peacefully, in the full possession of all his intellectual faculties. Old as he was, his death fills our land with sorrow. An accomplished soldier, faithful to his country, to her Constitution and her laws, his name and memory will live for many generations. With a courage that knew no fear, and a consciousness of generalship unsurpassed, his devotion to peace may well be considered the crowning glory of his character. A Virginian by birth, he recognized the Union of States as his country, and gave to that Union an earnest and unfaltering support. Without being a politician, he was once the candidate of the Whigs for President. He was emphatically a conservative, and without sympathy for radicalism in either the North or South. Let the country pay fitting tribute to his memory.

A CALUMNY REFUTED.

The imputation upon the President of the United States of intemperance is one which may be received by many as true, from the mere lack of contradiction. It is entirely unfounded, as is well known by all persons conversant with the facts. The present writer has had opportunities of information upon this subject. The President is not only a temperate man in his habits, but has necessarily lived and acted upon a theatre where his conduct, since he assumed the duties of his office, has been more open to observation than that of any other man in the United States. Almost every day since he became President he has received many visitors and seen many persons, and those of all sorts and descriptions of people; friends and foes; men of all sections; politicians and citizens; clergymen and scoffers; Congressmen, judges, foreign ministers, military officers, ladies, and children; in short, people of every description, as individuals or delegations, and has transacted with them an amount of business which would have broken down any man of ordinary constitution or of irregular habits. The amount of labor thrown upon the President of the United States by virtue of his office is enormous. Ever since Mr. Lincoln became President the duties of the office have been increasing, and they are now greater than ever before. The disturbed condition of the country during the war, and its unsettled state since, have caused this in part. Besides, the enormous increase of administrative business in all the executive departments has alone more than doubled the former duties of the station. In fact no man, except one well trained to business, with vigorous bodily powers, and with regular habits, can perform at all the duties of that great office. That President Johnson has very great capacity as a business man, and great powers of physical endurance (facts well known to all who are acquainted with him), are owing to an industrious, well-spent life, and to regularity of conduct. Usually from eight or nine o'clock in the morning until near midnight there is a perpetual stream of visitors to the President, interrupted only by meals and Cabinet consultations, and the amount of questions passed upon and business transacted, in any single day, is very great, and if fairly stated, might seem to many almost incredible. Dozens, and often hundreds of persons visit the President daily, and converse and transact business with him. And yet no human being, of all the many thousands who have had such personal intercourse during the past year, has ever discovered the slightest sign of intemperance in his conduct or conversation. In short, this calumny can be more thoroughly disproved in his case than in that of almost any other person, whether in private or public station. The imputation in his case has never been noticed by him or by his friends. It has been very properly treated with silent contempt. But the malice of faction knows no limit of decency or truth, and in safe quarters occasionally indulges itself in the mean and malignant falsehood which we have here noticed, and which, whenever uttered, should be met by an indignant and flat denial. While we are upon this topic it may be well to refer to the alleged conduct of the President upon Inauguration Day, in March, 1865; for we suppose the statement then published concerning him has been the foundation of all the subsequent imputations in disparagement of his character as a temperate man. He had then just arrived from Tennessee, having risen from a bed of sickness to perform the journey to the Capital. In the forenoon of the 4th of March a large mass of persons with music called upon him at his hotel, and invited a speech. He complied with the request, and spoke to them some time in the open air, until his voice nearly failed him, when he retired. Immediately afterward he accompanied the Committee of Arrangements to the Senate to be installed as Vice-President, and there, under his circumstances of physical prostration induced by disease, and with voice impaired by previous exertion, he delivered his inaugural address with some difficulty and embarrassment. But the task was performed, and what he then said was afterward faithfully published in the *Congressional Globe*. We showed in a former article how timely were his remarks on that occasion, and how completely they indicated that policy in public affairs which he has pursued since he became President. But few men living would have had the spirit and courage to go through with a speech of some length in a condition of weakness and prostration like that of Vice-President Johnson on the occasion referred to. But it was well that he spoke at that time, in spite of disease and an overtasked voice; for his speech remains on record to vindicate him forever from the charge of changing his views, of abandoning his convictions upon public policy, after he became President in consequence of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Yes; that speech, which subjected him to unjust imputations, is precious, powerful, and conclusive proof of the consistency, integrity, and good faith of his Presidential conduct, showing, as it does, that his present policy is founded upon those earnest convictions and patriotic views which he held in Tennessee during the war, and expressed openly before he had any expectation of filling the Presidential office.

A SAD CASE.

ONE who frets and foams and swears at the "Disorganizers," and we are very sorry to say there are such, has failed with all his astuteness to discover anything interesting in this sheet. In fact his judgment solemnly pronounced, and doubtless after due deliberation, although he belongs to a class not much given to deliberate, is that the COLUMBIAN is *flat*. We receive and accept this as an opinion honestly expressed, and confess that we are neither surprised nor disheartened thereat. The reason therefor is briefly stated. The men who sit in judgment upon us have been badly educated. He who has been accustomed from week to week to read a newspaper that devotes never less than a column, and sometimes an entire page, to the grossest and most unseemly personal abuse of private citizens, is not expected to find in this paper the food he relishes. What we furnish, to his taste, lacks *spice;* plain, unvarnished truth sets not well upon his stomach. Perceiving that we have abused nobody, that we have a personal quarrel with no one, seems to arouse his indignation, and he finds relief only in abuse of this paper and its friends. How much better for such a one, even in his old age, with all his depraved and vicious appetites, to endeavor to reform. If one struggle in that direction is not successful, let a persistent effort be made. We say to him, and the advice is cheerfully given, to abandon, for a day at least, the habit into which he has been schooled, of thinking and speaking only evil of his neighbors, and if he rises not in the morning refreshed by sound sleep, and with a clean conscience and a more healthful stomach, he is surely an object of pity if not disgust. If our advice is taken, and an effort in the reformatory direction made, he need not long be at a loss to know what has been his success. If, as heretofore, he enjoys to originate and repeat slanders; if he still finds such public journals as devote their columns to the dissemination of these calumnies the only papers that to his taste are not flat; and if he still thinks that he and those who think as he does are the only men who have honest convictions or entertain an honest opinion, while we would not discourage him, we feel bound in candor to say that we very much fear he believes what is false; and let what may become of him hereafter, here, at least, he is unfit to associate with gentlemen.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET.

WE have first [says the Baltimore *Sun*, reviewing the late speeches of the Cabinet officers] the elaborate address of Secretary Seward at Auburn, nicely balancing the *pros* and *cons* upon all the leading topics which agitate the American mind, uttering a sentiment of the largest patriotism in one sentence, and passing in the next into criticisms upon undefined organizations, breathing a soft word of censure here, and then a word of praise and encouragement in another place, nervously apprehensive of the decline and fall of what is called the National Union party, with the rise, progress, and work of which he has been identified, and which he holds dear for its memories and its hopes. This clearly is the leading thought in the speech of the Secretary, and to the preservation of the darling child of his political generation his anxious care is directed. This wrings from the sagacious Secretary an earnest deprecation against any misunderstanding between the President and Congress, and the labored effort to show that if they but knew it they are not so far from him and his policy as designing mischief-makers would have them believe. One testimony is clear on the part of the Secretary, that the exclusion of the people from the rights of citizenship who have laid down their arms is as unjust and repugnant to solid morals as it is condemned in policy by all the teachings of history, especially by the great lessons which the records of forty years of civil strife in England have preserved for our instruction. The Secretary recognizes fully and admits distinctly—we might rather say warns his friends most anxiously—that unless the obstacles against peace and reconciliation are removed, the life of the nation is extinguished; extinguished more certainly than it could have been by the red hand of war—for that the continuance of provincial dominion over any of the States is incompatible with the existence even of the Federal Union itself, and he warns them that if they are unfaithful to their trust, their place, in the order of destiny, will be assumed by some new and yet undeveloped political organization. In another part of the speech he returns to the idea, which it would have been too harsh to develop in all its portentous truth in one connection, lest his deprecation should offend by assuming the distinctive form of a threat as well as a warning, and here he declares that a failure of reconciliation for an indefinite period would be disunion and revolution; it would be Mexican or French anarchy; that the people of the United States justly fear, abhor, and detest disunion, revolution, and anarchy, and that nothing can separate them from an inherent life-saving love of the Union.

That is true. The beating heart and anxious countenance of every one who listened to the Secretary avouched its truth, and hence that undercurrent which finds no distinctiveness of expression in any part of the speech that extremists may hold on to the pestilent opinions which are now prematurely thrust in advance, with the certain prospect of retaining the integrity of Radical ideas, and of finding their accomplishment, if they will only not stay the virtuous impatience of the nation to do justice to the claims of immediate representation.

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The speech of Secretary Stanton seems of blunter and sterner stuff. Avoiding the soft words of diplomacy, the proper style of the State Department, the precise, emphatic utterances, frank, plain, and to the point, which belong to military service, give us briefly the ideas of the head of the War Department. He distinctly admits his former advocacy of the scheme to enforce upon the Southern States the concession of the right of suffrage to the negroes, and that the adverse arguments, and the President's convictions that it was not within the legitimate scope of his power, now command the assent of his judgment. With equal frankness he admits his advocacy of the Freedman's Bureau Bill and of the Civil Rights Bill, but as they have passed from the arena of debate as open questions, the former having been vetoed, and the latter, despite the veto, become a law, he regards them as not proper elements to be mingled with the present issue before the nation, which is the Congressional plan of reconstruction. Taking hold of the essence of this plan, which is the third section, without which, the Secretary says, the friends of the scheme declare the whole of no value, he unequivocally avows his hostility to the exclusion of the people of the South, temporarily or permanently, from the elective franchise on account of their participation in the opposition to the Government. He considers that proof of present and future loyalty is the only proper test, and that every proper incitement to union should be fostered and cherished, and that he can neither discover the necessity, the wisdom, nor the justice of the measure. Mr. Stanton thus frankly and plainly arrays himself on the side of the President. One knows precisely where to find him, and will attach the more consequence to his present position from the fact that it seems to be the unescapeable conclusion of a powerful mind, to which it has been driven by the force of reason and reflection, and in opposition to former views and predilections. In this respect, the speech of Mr. Stanton ought to exercise a marked influence upon the Representatives in Congress, as it probably will upon the public at large. For the whole tone of his speech shows that there has been no cooling of the indignant aversion with which he regarded the enemies against whom he has been struggling for four years, and that inexorable logic alone forces him to admit that justice and wisdom, no less than policy and charity, forbid the further exclusion of the Southern people and States from their equality before the Constitution and the laws.

Accompanying the others is a speech of Secretary McCulloch, as distinct in its style as is the mind and character of the man from his official associates. Genial and warm, without disguise, and with that just courtesy with which he honors all drafts upon the Government, the head of the Treasury unreservedly places himself alongside the President of the United States, and offers the free tribute of his deliberate judgment in support of the policy of the President. He clearly tells his hearers that he is opposed to all tinkering with the Constitution of the United States, the work of our patriot fathers, the founders of the Republic, the glory of the United States, and the admiration of the world, and that unless the Union party (as it is called) will discard its hostility and attempts to continue the alienation between the two sections of the country, unless it will embrace those principles which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace, its days are numbered, and the epitaph that will be written on it will be, "It knew how to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked vigor to avail itself of the benefits of victory."

In this just and genial speech of the head of the Treasury we find reflected the sentiments of the great West. Ceded to the nation by the patriotism of the Southern States, peopled by the energy of the North, that vast region looks with sorrow upon the estrangement between its parent States. Its sympathies are with both, and its interests are united to both. From its statesmen, acting out the wishes and feelings of its sturdy yeoman, appropriately come those gushings of honest hearts, and those utterances from clear heads which are to win the nation back to unity and peace.

The remarks of Postmaster-General Dennison, while showing a dignified deference to Congress, and concern for party perpetuity, as well as the general interests of the country, indicate emphatic approval by that functionary of all that has been done by the President to restore the Southern States to their constitutional relations. He declares that the duty of the Executive branch of the Government has been "fully performed" in that regard. He believes, however, that time and discussion are bringing Congress and the President more nearly to each other—that at least they are not as wide apart as at the opening of the session—and that the work of restoration calls for every concession authorized by the Constitution.

THE BOURGANANI-EATON CASE

THE recent remarkable elopement of an Italian adventurer (who seven years ago wedded the widow of General Eaton) with the granddaughter of his wife, has created a sensation in political and fashionable circles, both in this city and in Washington. It has also revived the public interest in the unfortunate wife, who at one time may have been said to have controlled the fate of the country, or at least to have been the chief cause of a change in some of its most important political relations. It will be therefore appropriate at this present time to give a *resume* of the leading facts in the biography of the party in this singular case with whom the public naturally are most concerned, namely, Madame Bourganani, formerly widely known as Mrs. General Eaton.

The father of this lady was a gentleman of wealth and position, and the lady herself was possessed of great personal attractions, remains of which are visible even to this day. She was well educated, and was gifted with a singular fascination of manner; while not the least important element in her character was a strength of will, a power of fixed determination, which has sustained her throughout all the vicissitudes of her eventful career. In the height of her triumph as a belle at Washington she married a member of the Timberlake family, who was a purser in the United States Navy. The nuptials were celebrated with *eclat*, and the father of the bride presented her with a well-furnished house (which in after days passed into the hands of the Italian drawing-master Bourganani). By her first husband the lady had several children. Purser Timberlake was an intimate personal friend of General Eaton, and is said to have felt a presentiment that his life was not destined to be of great duration, and also to have expressed the hope that, in the case of his decease, his widow would unite herself to his friend. After the death of Timberlake General Eaton, in due course of time, forwarded an epistle to the lady expressing his sentiments of admiration for her, having, as he expressed it, "known her and appreciated her alike as a daughter, wife, and widow," and desiring permission to visit her. The permission was granted, and Mrs. Timberlake became Mrs. General Eaton.

Her second husband enjoying relations of the closest intimacy with President Jackson, his wife in consequence assumed a high position among the female notabilities of the National Capital. She was received in the kindest manner by the President, and was soon numbered among the circle of his most prized acquaintances; while her husband's position as Minister of War still further tended to enhance alike her notoriety and her influence. According to the usual law which governs success in this world Mrs. Eaton did not escape scandal. Rumor busied itself with her name, and President Jackson himself did not fail to receive his share of social gossip. The opposition newspapers of the day could not afford to dispense with such excellent opportunity for sensational items, and the stories which "linked in wrong" the President and Mrs. Eaton began to assume a political significance.

Calhoun, at that time Vice-President and President of the Senate, was bitterly opposed to the policy and person of General Jackson, and having failed to share the national confidence in his superior by attacks on the management of the Seminole war, looked around him for more available material. The Eaton scandal was accordingly skilfully, though delicately, manipulated by him, and was brought into practical shape. With the truth or falsehood of the scandal itself we have naught to do; neither is it our province to undertake to decide what real credence Mr. Calhoun in his own mind attached to the report. Suffice it to record the facts. Mr. Calhoun, through the "female element in Washington, and especially by his influence with the wives of the various members of the Cabinet, so arranged it that Mrs. General Eaton was socially ignored by the ladies of the Cabinet circle, thus increasing the scandal, and calling to its internal personal dissensions the unfavorable attention of the nation. President Jackson, perceiving this, wrote in his direct way concerning the matter to Mr. Calhoun, who replied by a very diplomatic note, stating that the quarrel was emphatically a "ladies' quarrel," with which men could not successfully interfere; that "the laws of the ladies were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and admitted neither of argument or amendment;" with much more in a similar strain. On the receipt of this epistle General Jackson determined at once to *act*. He accordingly sent for Mr. Van Buren, then Secretary of State, his political favorite, and explaining his views, requested him as a personal favor to send in his resignation. Mr. Van Buren at once complied with the rather singular request, and of course his resignation was immediately followed by that of each and every member of the the Cabinet.

It is stated that at one stage of the proceedings the President was willing to compromise with the enemies of Mrs. Eaton; withdrawing any claim of his to the *private* social recognition of the lady, desiring only her *public* recognition at receptions and great occasions. But as this compromise was rejected he acted as we have above stated. And thus Mrs. General Eaton proved the direct cause of the dissolution of a Cabinet.

Directly subsequent to this event the President, who never forsook a friend, accredited General Eaton as United States Minister to Madrid, and in a brief period his wife, directing her social talents to the Old World, became almost as noted there as she had already rendered herself in the New. She visited London and Paris, and finally settling at Madrid, established herself as a decided favorite. Various anecdotes are recorded of her stay in the Spanish Court, for only one of which we can find space. It seems to have been a Spanish custom when wishing to evince admiration for a lady to proffer her some valuable present, merely as a matter of form, the lady being presumed to gratefully decline the offer. Mrs. Eaton was aware of this custom and its meaning—or rather of its want of meaning—but being fond of a joke, determined to avail herself of it, much to the consternation of those who sought to compliment her. On one occasion being requested to accept of a case of jewels, she replied that "with the deepest gratitude she would do so," and forthwith ordered her attendant to convey the jewels to her carriage. We can imagine the surprise and chagrin of the gallant presenter of the jewels aforesaid. The diamonds were retured next day, but no future opportunity was given to repeat the jest. Mrs. Eaton is also stated to have introduced the American custom of knittin gamong the ladies of the Spanish Court. But we must proceed to more serious details.

General Eaton died, and his widow became the possessor of his large estate. She also assumed the guardianship of four or five grandchildren, who were, by intermarriage, closely connected with the Randolph family of Virginia. One of these grandchildren occupies a post in the marine service of the United States. Another, and the youngest, is a clerk in the retail establishment of A. T. Stewart in this city. Another has married a colonel in the army, while the fourth is one of the unfortunate victims of the arts of the Italian Bouraganani.

This Italian adventurer came to this country destitute of friends or means—earned a scanty livelihood as a vender of images—then became, in conjunction with a man named Marini, a dancing-master; removed to Washington, became professionally acquainted with two of the grandchildren of Mr. Eaton, who attended his dancing school; by their instrumentality formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Eaton (she being sixty years of age and he twenty), ascertained her wealth, married her for her money in spite of social and public opposition, obtained the sole possession and control of her estate, betrayed her grandchild (his own granddaughter by adoption), sold secretly, by means of a general power of attorney and his wife's unlimited trust and love, all the property of his wife, pocketed the proceeds, sold out privately his nominal business (straw goods, etc.), and leaving behind him a cold and cruel letter, departed last Wednesday in the steamer to Europe, accompanied by his granddaughter, who by his means has been rendered but too well skilled in sin and deceit.

A more heartless, dastardly case of complicated crime has seldom been recorded. Since the departure of the chief actor in this strange tragedy various new facts have been brought to light. It has been ascertained that Bourganani, though according to his statement "alone in the world," has two brothers residing in this city or vicinity, one of whom is a man of some means. The existence of these relatives has been successfully concealed from his wife and adopted family for a period of seven years, and has only been discovered by accident.

It has also been ascertained that although in his farewell letter to his benefactress and wife he states that he has made provision for her maintenance, such provision is of the most dubious character, the twenty dollars per week promised being altogether in the power of some mysterious confederate, who can at any time refuse to advance the money. The letter also states that one thousand dollars from the sale of a cottage belonging to his wife will shortly be placed in her hands; but for this statement also there is no evidence save his own word, under the circumstances no very trustworthy security. It also seems that the Italian has not only robbed his wife of her all, but has also collected some two thousand dollars belonging to the granddaughter, his victim, so that in reality the villain has absolutely deprived the two women wholly dependent upon him of every dollar that they possess in this world. The amount of money with which he has decamped will exceed, it is ascertained, forty thousand dollars in gold.

In brief, a case exemplifying more love, more scoundrelism, more generosity, and more baseness, more blind trust and more utter profligacy, ingratitude, and worthlessness, has seldom or never been made public. Skilful lawyers have been engaged by the friends of the deserted wife to ascertain if the law can have any hold upon the fugitive; but we fear that he has escaped all chance of justice.

In its moral aspect alike, and its social, whether we consider the crimes themselves or the historical status of some of the parties, the Bourganani-Eaton case seems destined to rank among "the *causes celebrees*."—*New York Tribune.*

A NEW FORM OF PATENT.

COMMISSIONER THEAKER is about making some alterations in the form of the patents issued from the Patent Office to inventors, which will greatly improve the appearance of that instrument, bring it into a neater form, and considerably abridge the amount of labor to be expended in its preparation. It is intended to reduce the size of the Instrument from fifteen by twenty inches to ten by fifteen inches, thus rendering it of a more convenient size for mailing. The present large vignette of the Patent Office will be replaced by a much smaller view of the Patent Office, surrounded by small medallion engravings, representing the advancement made in machinery in the present century—all to be engraved in the highest style of the art and printed on parchment paper. The seal of the Patent Office, instead of the words "Seal of the Patent Office," will hereafter contain "United States Patent Office;" and the sentence below it, "Countersigned," and "sealed with the seal of the Patent Office," will be omitted. The specifications for the patentee, and the bound record in the office, will be printed instead of written, as now. Another important improvement is in the manner of inserting the drawing, which is required to be ten by fifteen inches in dimensions. In the present form of patent the drawing cannot be neatly inserted, but in the form proposed it can be adjusted with neatness and precision. These changes can be made, the Commissioner thinks, without additional expense to the Government, and will render the patent a credit to the office, and to this Government, when sent abroad.

THE PANIC IN EUROPE.

THE news from Europe as to financial matters is of an exciting character. It excites the greatest interest and some perturbation in the gold, stock, and exchange market here, but does not and need not create alarm. The heavy failures that were occurring in England, the drain upon the Bank of England, and the raising of its rate of interest to nine and ten per cent., together with the financial condition of the Continent, caused a great sensation. The London *Times* says editorially, "Such excitement on all sides has not been witnessed since the great crisis of 1825." The London *Daily News* characterizes it as "a complete reign of terror on the stock exchange." Government found it necessary to come to the rescue. Mr. Gladstone had a consultation with bankers and others on the situation, when these gentlemen represented to him that the panic in London was "without parallel in the financial history of the country."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thereupon addressed a letter to the Bank of England offering to afford relief by all the means in his power, stating that if it were necessary for the Bank to issue notes beyond the amount allowed by act, he would make immediate application to Parliament for an act of indemnity. By the very latest news it is stated that the Government had resolved to suspend the Bank Charter act. All this shows what an extraordinary crisis existed.

Various opinions are given as to the cause of this state of things. Excessive speculations are generally stated as the latent cause, and no doubt with truth; but the immediate cause may be found in the feeling of apprehension, uncertainty, and distrust as to what may take place in Germany and Italy. The questions of war and peace have been hanging in the balance for some time past, sometimes inclining one way and sometimes another; but now the scale on the war side falls heavily. Lord Clarendon declared in the House of Lords that England's good offices would be freely tendered if desired in the German-Italian question (it is no longer a question of the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies only); "but the result was discouraging, and England could do nothing alone. He feared the consequences, and denounced the war." The Paris *Constitutionel* says that "France has ceased to give counsels of moderation to Prussia, Austria, and Italy;" and it was reported that the Emperor Napoleon had made a significant speech at Auxerre, which the Paris Bourse had accepted as a signal of war. There may be, however, a more deep-seated cause of the panic than is generally understood. Mr. Gladstone made lately a very remarkable speech, in which he showed that all the nations of Europe are in a state of bankruptcy, or are approaching that, and that they are overwhelmingly in debt, and yet continuing to borrow upon a depreciated credit and a doubtful future. Have not the eyes of the people of England been opened by this startling statement? Have not the people of other European nations seen the truth so boldly asserted by one of the first statesmen of the age? Perhaps Mr. Gladstone's novel and striking exposition of the bankrupt condition of European nations has contributed to the present financial crisis.

But what concerns us most is the effect the panic in Europe may produce on the business, credit, and security of this country. The temporary effect may be bad. Our intimate and extensive commercial relations with Europe naturally involve us to some extent in financial difficulties that occur there. But this can be only limited, and in the present instance more sympathetic than real. Our securities abroad may decline with foreign funds and stocks for the hour, and we may experience a perturbation to some extent on Wall Street, and in the price of gold for the time being; but this can be only temporary. We may feel the shock or excitement momentarily, just as a brave man in battle may who runs with the cowards while the panic lasts, but who soon returns to assert his manhood and power. Conscious of our strength we shall return reinspirited, and maintain our position. The immense wealth and resources of the United States are now too well appreciated to cause any great fear from panics in the Old World. Some specie may be drawn from us while the fever is high; but as soon as reason shall return, whether there be war or peace, the money of Europe will flow here. This country affords at the same time the best security and largest profit for investments, and in the event of a general war abroad money will flow here as naturally as the tide flows. We need not be under any apprehension as to the future. We shall rise, as Mr. Gladstone justly remarked, as England and the nations of Europe decline, for our capacity and resources are almost illimitable. We may expect, consequently, that as soon as the first excitement of the crisis in Europe is over our securities and credit will rise higher than ever.—*New York Herald.*

The money panic in England has abated.

SOLDIERS' CONVENTION.

PURSUANT to public notice, a number of soldiers belonging to Montour and Columbia Counties met in Lyon's Hall, in Danville, on Monday evening last. On motion Colonel A. J. Frick was called to the chair, and Lieutenant Pealer, of Bloomsburg, was chosen secretary.

The object of the convention having been stated, Captain C. W. Forrester, Captain J. H. Johnson, and C. W. Sholes were appointed a committee on resolutions.

On motion Colonel Samuel Knorr, of Columbia County, and Captain G. Lovette, of Montour, were unanimously chosen as delegates, to represent this representative district in the Soldiers' Convention, to meet in Pittsburg, on the 5th of June next, under the call of General Hartranft.

Captain C. W. Forrester, chairman of the committee on resolutions, then reported the following, which were unanimously adopted, as the sentiments of the soldiers in this convention:

WHEREAS, In the present crisis of political affairs, as in the war for the Union, we recognize but two parties; the one arrayed on the side of right and justice, defending the principles for which we as soldiers fought against the Rebellion, and for which thousands of our comrades in arms laid down their lives; the other aiming to annul the legitimate fruits of our victories by urging the admission of *reconstructed* Rebels and unwashed traitors to a participation in the control of the Government which they attempted to destroy.

Resolved, That we fully endorse the action of the majority in Congress, in protecting the rights of the loyal millions of the nation, both in the North and in the South, against the assumptions of traitors, whether they are found sailing under the Executive clemency, or in the garb of open hostility to the Union.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the determined and patriotic course of our representative in Congress, Hon. Ulysses Mercur; his unwavering devotion to the principles upon which he was elected; his firm resistance against the admission of members from the Rebel States until peace is fully restored, and the people of those States shall have given the guarantees required, and conceded equal and exact justice to all within their borders; his efforts to secure an equalization of bounties—these, and all his efforts in Congress, mark him as the faithful exponent of the loyal sentiment of the Thirteenth District, and we here pledge to him our earnest co-operation in bestowing upon him a membership in the Fortieth Congress.

Resolved, That the selection of Major-General John W. Geary as the Union candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania meets our most cordial approval. His ability, his patriotism and personal integrity, commend him to all who honor sound principles and heroism, in battling against armed treason for the Union. We pledge to him our hearty support.

On motion it was resolved that the proceedings of the Convention be published in the *Montour American* and in the *Columbia County Republican*.

A. J. FRICK, Pres't.

R. R. PEALER, Sec'y.

FREEDMEN'S BUREAU FRAUDS.

Major-General O. O. Howard, Commissioner Freedmen's Bureau:

THE President directs that Colonel E. Whittlesey, assistant commissioner for the Freedmen's Bureau of North Carolina; Captain F. A. Seely, superintendent of the Bureau for the Eastern District of North Carolina; Captain Isaac Rosekran's, commissioner of subsistence of volunteers, on duty in the Freedmen's Bureau; Dr. Rush, medical purveyor; Rev. Mr. Fitz, assistant superintendent of the Bureau for the Trent River Settlement; Captain Wheeler, agent for the Bureau at Kingston, North Carolina; G. O. Glavis, chaplain; Superintendent Goldsboro; Major J. C. Mann, assistant quartermaster and financial agent for the Southern District of North Carolina; and Major Charles J. Wickershaw, subagent for the Bureau at Wilmington, to be immediately relieved from duty, and ordered to report in arrest to Major-General Ruger, commanding the Department of North Carolina, who will receive instructions in regard to their trial as soon as charges can be prepared against them by the judge advocate-general.

If the following-named persons are in the employment of the Bureau, they will in like manner be relieved, and ordered to report in arrest to the department commander: Rev. Horace James, of Massachusetts, agent without pay of the Bureau in Pitt County; also his clerk, named Boyden; Mr. Winthrop Tappan, of Maine; Mr. Potter, said to be interested with Captain Seely; and Mr. Brooks, said to be interested with Captain Rosekrans in cultivating plantations; also a brother of Captain Rosekrans, said to be employed in the commissary department. You will please report your action in the matter for the information of the Secretary.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

IN the North Carolina State Convention a motion was made to adjourn *sine die*, but was defeated. A message was received from Governor Worth, in which he says he has no recommendations to make for reconstruction measures, but that the action of Congress must be waited for. He says all are loyal here, including the Congressmen elected. The President is heartily endorsed, and the civil government is in complete operation.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: "If members of Congress will take pains to inquire they will find that not a few of the most staunch and influential Republicans all over the country believe that the loyal representatives from the South should be admitted to Congress, and that their continued exclusion threatens ruin to the party."

THE State Department has received advices from London, April 21, that the rinderpest is decreasing rapidly, and will soon disappear.

IT is stated that a French journal recently offered a prize for the best new novel, and received in reply eighteen hundred manuscripts.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK & Co., dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank), Philadelphia.

WEAVER AND SPRANKLE, wholesale grocers and commission merchants, Nos. 225 and 227 Arch Street, Philadelphia, have a superior stock of goods in their line, and a call will be a benefit to all parties.

THAT portion of our readers who are Philadelphians, or who have occasion to visit Philadelphia, will want to know where they can be suited in their purchases. Schell, Berger and Co., commission merchants, and dealers in fish, salt, cheese, provisions, etc., are fully able to meet the demands of those wishing articles in their line of business. They are located at Nos. 122 and 124 North Wharves, above Arch Street.

Now that warm weather is approaching a change of clothing to suit the temperature is necessary. In this connection a knowledge of a desirable place to procure your goods is valuable information. Mr. S. H. Miller has recently returned from a business trip to the cities, and brought with him a superior assortment of Spring and Summer goods. His advertisment in another column more fully sets forth the articles he has for sale.

SOLDIERS' CONVENTION.—The *Montour American*, under the above caption, publishes the proceedings of a Radical Republican meeting at Danville, Montour County, held on Monday last. The resolutions are denunciatory of the President's policy, and of course complimentary to Mercur, member of Congress from this district. The force assembled is said to have been under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Frick, who acted under orders from Major-General Hartranft. The resolutions will be found in another column.

A CARD.—On behalf of the officers and members of the Catawissa English Lutheran Sabbath-School, we desire to return our humble thanks to the citizens of Catawissa and vicinity for their attendance and the very liberal patronage bestowed upon our Fair, on the 25th and 26th ultimos. We feel proud to acknowledge that the result of our sales exceeded by far our greatest expectations, and deem it an additional evidence of the good feeling and liberal spirit ever manifested by our citizens when called upon to aid in the success of a good and laudable purpose. S. D. RINARD, Sup't.
M. M. BROBST, Sec'y.

AMONG other remarks about this paper, not complimentary, the editor of the *Montour American* observes that *mechanically* the COLUMBIAN is not a success. This is discouraging, if the opinion as expressed be correct. The fitness of the editor of the *American* to pronounce judgment upon our merits, mechanically or otherwise, will be easily determined by an inspection of his own paper. If *it* be a mechanical success we have and must ever fail in our enterprise. The two papers are unlike in their "make-up," and will so continue, unless the *American* man should become ashamed of his. For information we add that the *Montour American* is published in Danville, Pa.

DR. DARRIN is still at the Montour House, Danville, astonishing a constant throng of patients by the rapidity with which he relieves them of their aches, pains, and disabilities. We are pleased to learn that he is coming to Bloomsburg for a short time, stopping at the Exchange Hotel, commencing June 4, and remaining until June 9. We have not space this week to print the certificates of Thomas Williams, of Danville, who was cured of rheumatism in ten minutes; of Harmon Snyder's little girl, cured of deafness of six years' standing, living in Rush Township, Northumberland County; and John Dailey, of Danville, who was troubled with a pain in the breast and sides, shortness of breath, cured with one treatment of five minutes.

NEWS ITEMS.

OIL has been discovered at Wilder, Canada West.

GOVERNOR CURTIN is to be offered the mission to Italy, it is said.

THE Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, Bishop of America and Primate of all Ireland, died recently, after a brief illness.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now own over eight hundred locomotives, valued at five millions of dollars.

THE whole business portion of Hudson, Wisconsin, was destroyed by fire recently, the loss being estimated at three hundred thousand dollars.

A FIRE broke out in St. Clairsville, Ohio, on Tuesday of last week, which destroyed property to the amount of one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars.

DURING the eighteen years that have elapsed since the discovery of gold in California, the mines of the Pacific cost have added one thousand millions of dollars to the world's stock of the precious metals.

PRIVATE letters from Indiana give a very discouraging account of Governor Morton's condition. But little hopes are now entertained of his final recovery, although his illness may be protracted for many months.

MEETINGS of the business men of Charleston have been held to appoint delegates for the purpose of visiting Louisville and Cincinnati in reference to the projected railroad between those cities and Charleston.

CHICAGO has just inaugurated a mammoth slaughter-house, at the neighboring city of Bridgeport, which is two hundred and seventy-five feet long, one hundred and seventy-five feet wide and three stories high, with a daily killing capacity of twelve hundred head of cattle, two thousand hogs, and one thousand sheep.

THERE is not now from the mouth of the Susquehanna, between Port Deposit and Clark's Ferry, a distance of near one hundred miles, a bridge passable for vehicles or foot passengers.

THE vote in West Virginia on the State constitutional amendment disfranchising Rebels was taken up. Returns so far indicate the ratification of the amendment. Wheeling and Ohio County vote strongly against it.

IT is said that Mrs. Lincoln has purchased a residence in Chicago for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, and that Robert Lincoln is about to be admitted to the bar, and to enter upon the practice of his profession in that city.

JAMES MULCHEARY was awarded one thousand dollars damages in the Superior Court of Boston recently, against Dr. Henry Bowditch, who branded the plaintiff illegally with a letter D as a deserter, while examining surgeon in the Provost-Marshal's office.

THE Old School Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at St. Louis recently reported adversely to the declaration recently put forth by the Louisville Presbytery, and declares the latter Presbytery dissolved. The Louisville Commissioners declined to enter a defence of their action in the Assembly.

THE Postmaster-General has ordered a contract to be made with the Oregon Steam Navigation Company to convey the mails from Portland, Oregon, to the Dalles, at ten thousand dollars per annum, the service to be six times a week, and permits the contractors to give the offices at Fisher's Landing, Washougal and Hood River a supply once a week.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company have now under way a novel enterprise. They have employed a first-class photographer to superintend the photographing of all the property of the company and the various points of interest or of beauty along the main line and all its branches, having placed at the disposal of the artist a train of cars, fully officered, for the work.

MARRIED.

In Montour Township, on the 31st ultimo, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. R. Dimm, ALBERT F. YOST to LOTTIE R. IRWINE.

At the M. E. Parsonage at this place, by Rev. R. E. Wilson, NATHAN J. HESS, of Benton, to MARY A. BISELINE, of Orangeville.

On the 24th ultimo, in Iola, by Rev. R. P. King, A. BARCLAY MONROE, of Liverpool, Perry County, to C. EMMA LEGGOTT, of Iola.

In Buckhorn, on the 26th ultimo, by Rev. R. E. Wilson, CYRUS GRUBBER to RACHAEL L. MCMICHAEL.

DIED.

In Bloomsburg, on the 23d ultimo, ELLIE BOONE, daughter of Samuel V. and Nancy D. Boone, aged 3 years, 3 months, and 14 days.

In this place, on the 18th ultimo, ANNIE CATHERINE, daughter of Allen M. and Susan Cadwalader, aged 7 months and 3 days.

In Berwick, on the 15th ultimo, MARY, wife of Ashel Fowler, aged 66 years, 1 month, and 2 days.

In Locust Township, Columbia County, on the 17th ultimo, ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, aged 79 years, 5 months, and 15 days.

E. H. Little,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, in white frame house, below the Exchange Hotel.

Robert F. Clark,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office corner of Main and Market Streets, over First National Bank.

John G. Freeze,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Register and Recorder's office, in the basement of the Court House.

Wesley Wirt,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

C. R. Brockway,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, first door west of the Court House.

Charles G. Barkley,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office on Main Street, over S. H. Miller's Store.

William H. Abbott,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Catawissa, Pa.

M. E. Jackson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. Traugh,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Berwick, Columbia County, Pa.

M. M. L'Velle,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Centralia, Columbia County, Pa.

WEAVER & SPRANKLE,
WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 225 and 227 Arch Street,
Philadelphia.

MILLER'S STORE.
FRESH ARRIVAL OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of

Carpets,	Groceries,
Oil Cloths,	Boots and Shoes,
Cloths,	Hats and Caps,
Cassimeres,	Hoop Nets,
Shawls,	Umbrellas,
Flannels,	Looking-Glasses,
Silks,	Tobacco,
White Goods,	Coffee,
Linens,	Sugars,
Hoop Skirts,	Teas,
Muslins,	Rice,
Hollowware,	Allspice,
Cedarware,	Ginger,
Hardware,	Cinnamon,
Queensware,	Nutmegs,

AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.
In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.
S. H. MILLER.
Ariegle Building, Bloomsburg, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *Venditioni Exponas* and *Fieri Facias* to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on Tuesday, the 26th day of June, 1866, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the following described real estate, to wit:

A certain tract of land, situate in Sugarloaf Township, Columbia County, containing SEVENTY-SIX ACRES, more or less, bounded on the south by lands of Joshua Hess; on the west by lands of David Kechner; on the north by lands of Jeremiah Hess; and on the east by lands of James Roberts, whereon is erected an old log barn with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of James Sickler, deceased.

ALSO

A certain farm and tract of land, situate in Catawissa Township, Columbia County, bounded on the south by lands of Samuel Millard, and other lands of J. F. Fincher; on the west by land of Solomon Helwig; on the north by land of Benjamin Reiber and others; and on the east by land of Tench Coxe's heirs, containing EIGHTY-NINE ACRES and one hundred and twenty-nine perches, whereon is erected a log barn; about sixty acres of which is improved land.

ALSO

One other farm and tract of land, situate partly in Catawissa and partly in Franklin Townships, Columbia County, bounded on the south by land of John Scott; on the east by land of John Scott and land of Mary Heacock; on the west by land of Mary Heacock and land of Hiram J. Reader; and on the north by a public road and land of Hiram J. Reader, containing SEVENTY-SIX ACRES and one hundred and five perches, whereon is erected a two-story brick dwelling-house, a log barn, an apple and peach orchard, and all improved land.

ALSO

One other lot of land, situate partly in Catawissa and partly in Franklin Townships, Columbia County, bounded on the south by land of John Richards; on the west and north by land of Mary Heacock; and on the east by land of John Scott, containing FIFTEEN ACRES, all improved land, but without buildings, with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Jeremiah P. Fincher and Abel Thomas.
SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

PUBLIC SALE OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pa., on Saturday, the 23d day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, Philip Foust, administrator of Daniel Krum, late of Cooper Township, Montour County, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, at the house of Emanuel Lazarus, in Montour Township, a certain tract of land, situate in Montour Township, Columbia County, adjoining lands of Emanuel Lazarus on the east, the River Susquehanna on the south, and the line dividing the Counties of Columbia and Montour on the north, containing eighty-two acres and sixty-six perches neat measure, about twenty acres of which is improved or cleared land. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Montour and county aforesaid. JESSE COLEMAN, Clerk.
BLOOMSBURG, May 25, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.
Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money to be paid by the purchaser to the administrator on the day of sale; the residue of the purchase money to be paid in one year from the confirmation *nisi, &c.*, with interest from the confirmation. The purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.
PHILIP FOUST, Administrator.
May 25, 1866.

SCHELL, BERGER & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Dealers in
FISH, SALT, CHEESE, PROVISIONS, &c.,
Nos. 122 and 124 North Wharves, above Arch St.,
Philadelphia.
Sole agents for Wilcox's Wheel Grease, in barrels, kegs, and cans.

W. I. BURKHART,
Importer and Dealer in
IRON AND STEEL,
No. 60 Front Street,
Philadelphia.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH,
No. 21 North Wharves, and 25 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

E. J. LESTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,
No. 29 North Second Street, opp. Christ Church,
Philadelphia.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Please take notice that I, Ira Bardarmel, of Centreville, Columbia County, having bought the following list of property from Peter Hower, do declare that it is my intention to lend the same to the said Hower, to wit: four beds; one dozen chairs; one lot of dishes; one cupboard; one bureau; twenty yards of carpet; one cooking stove; one parlor stove; one two-horse wagon; one two-horse carriage; one double set of harness; one single set of harness; two tables; two pigs. IRA ROADARMEL.

HURRAH FOR CATAWISSA!
THIS WAY FOR BARGAINS.
Goods to compare with stringency of the money market. Look and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere. Just call at the favorite business stand of
McNINCH & SHUMAN,
and you will be met by the obliging proprietors or their clerks, and shown through their great variety store free of charge, of course. They will give you a fair chance to spend your loose change, they trust much more profitably than it can be spent elsewhere. Their
STOCK OF DRY GOODS
this Spring is much larger in all its varieties than usual. Their
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
are of the nicest styles in market. They have a fine assortment of
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
SUMMER CLOTHS, CASSINETS,
CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,
and numerous articles common to such establishments, besides a general assortment of
HARDWARE, TINWARE, QUEENSWARE,
AND GROCERIES,
all at greatly reduced prices. They wish to conduct their business on the system of
"PAY AS YOU GO,"
and they think they can afford to sell very cheap. They return their thanks for many past favors, and ask the future patronage of their former customers and the public generally.
McNINCH & SHUMAN.

THE NEW GROCERY STORE,
on Main Street,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS
just received at
HENRY GIGER'S NEW STORE.
Dry Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Molasses,
Sugars,
Teas,
Coffee,
Rice,
Spices,
Fish,
Salt,
Raisins,
Tobacco,
Segars,
Candies,
Notions,
Toys,
FLOUR, FEED, AND PROVISIONS,
together with a great variety of notions generally kept in stores.
BUTTER, EGGS, MEAT, AND PRODUCE
taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.
HENRY GIGER.

AN ACT
TO PROVIDE FOR THE ERECTION OF A HOUSE FOR THE EMPLOYMENT AND SUPPORT OF THE POOR IN THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That J. A. Funston, Jacob Harris, Lewis Vetter, Jesse Hoffman, Thomas Creveling, Sr., Samuel Hegart, William Lannon, William J. Heiler, and John K. Gratz be and are hereby appointed commissioners, whose duty it shall be, or a majority of them, on or before the first day of July, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, to determine upon and purchase such real estate as they, or a majority of them, shall deem necessary for the accomodation of the poor of Columbia County, and to take a conveyance therefor in the name and for the use of the corporation mentioned in the fourth section of this act, and certify their proceedings herein under their hands and seals to the Clerk of the Quarter Sessions of Columbia County, to be filed in his office, and at the next general election the qualified electors of Columbia County shall elect by ballot, as other officers of the said county to be directors of the poor and of the House of Employment for Columbia County for the ensuing year, and the judges of the election of said county shall immediately on receiving the returns from the several election districts and casting up the number of votes therein, or within three days thereafter, certify under their hands and seals the names of persons so elected directors to the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of said county, who shall file the said certificate in his office, and forthwith give notice in writing to the said directors of their being elected, and the said directors shall meet at the Court House, in the said county, on the first Monday of November next ensuing their election, and divide themselves by lot into three classes, the place of the first to be vacated at the expiration of the first year, of the second at the expiration of the second year, of the third at the expiration of the third year, so that those who shall be chosen after the first election, and in the mode above described, may serve for three years, and one-third may be chosen annually.

SECTION 2. That the sheriff of said county shall, within ten days after the passage of this act, notify the commissioners of their appointment, and when they shall meet for entering upon the duties assigned them by this act, which said place of meeting shall be in Bloomsburg, at the Court House.

SECTION 3. Every director elected in manner aforesaid, or appointed as is provided in the fourth section of this act, shall, within ten days after he is notified of such election or appointment, and before he enters upon the duties of said office, take an oath or affirmation before a justice of the peace of said county to discharge the duties of director of the poor for said county truly, faithfully, and impartially, to the best of his judgment and ability, and in case of neglect or refusal to take said oath or affirmation within the time aforesaid, he shall forfeit and pay the sum of ten dollars for the use of the poor of said county, which fine shall be recovered by the directors for the time being as debts are or shall be by law recoverable, and the directors qualified as aforesaid are hereby authorized to administer an oath or affirmation in any case when it shall be necessary in relation to the duties of their office.

SECTION 4. The said directors shall forever hereafter, in name and in fact, be one body politic and corporate in law, to all intents and purposes whatsoever relative to the poor of the County of Columbia, and shall have perpetual succession, and may sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, by the name, style, and title of Directors of the Poor and of the House of Employment for the County of Columbia, and by that name shall and may receive, take, and hold any lands, tenements, and hereditaments not exceeding the yearly value of ten thousand dollars, and any goods and chattels whatsoever of the gift, alienation, or bequest of any person or persons whatsoever; to purchase, take, and hold any lands and tenements within their county in fee simple or otherwise, and erect suitable buildings for the reception, use, and accomodation of the poor of said county, to provide all things necessary for the lodging, maintenance, and employment of said poor; to appoint a treasurer annually, who shall give bond with full and sufficient surety for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, and at the expiration thereof for the payment and delivery over to his successor in office of all moneys, bonds, or notes, book accounts, or other papers to the said corporation belonging, which shall then be remaining in his hands, custody, and possession, and said directors shall have power to employ and at pleasure remove a steward or stewards, matron or matrons, physician or physicians, surgeon or surgeons, and all other attendants that may be necessary for the said poor respectively, to bind out as apprentices, as shall such apprenticeship may expire, if males, at or before the age of twenty-one years, if females, at or before the age of eighteen years, such poor children as shall come under their notice, or as may be deemed expedient, *Provided*, That no child shall be bound outside of the County of Columbia, nor without the benefit of the public schools of the district.

SECTION 5. That the said Directors, any two of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, shall have power annually, as soon after the returns for the annual assessments in said county as is practicable, to lay a rate or assessment not exceeding one cent on the dollar, at any time, upon all real and personal estates within the county aforesaid, for defraying the expenses of purchasing said farm, erecting said buildings, and maintaining the poor in said county, and shall be levied upon the basis of the last adjusted valuation made for regulating county rates and levies, and having caused fair duplicates of such rates or assessments by them laid to be made, which shall be signed by them, shall issue their warrant to the collector of such tax, therein authorizing and requiring him to demand, receive, and collect from every person therein named, in the manner and by the same process as poor taxes are now collectable; and the said directors shall, from the time of the providing by them of suitable buildings for the accomodation of said poor, exercise and perform within the said county, except so far as such acts, duties, and powers are herein expressly prescribed or limited.

SECTION 6. As soon as the said buildings shall have been erected or purchased, and all necessary accomodations provided therein, notices shall be sent, signed by any two of the directors, to the overseers of the several townships of the said County of Columbia, requiring them forthwith to bring the poor of their respective townships to said House of Employment, which order the overseers are hereby enjoined and required to comply with, or otherwise to forfeit the cost of all future maintenance, except in cases when by sickness, or any other sufficient cause, any poor person cannot be removed; in which case the overseers shall represent the same to the nearest justice of the peace, who, being satisfied of the truth thereof, shall certify the same to the said directors, and at the same time issue an order, under his hand and seal, to the said overseers, directing them to maintain such poor until such time as he or she may be in a situation to be removed, and then convey the in said pauper and deliver him or her to the steward or keeper of said House of Employment, together with the said order; and the charge and expense of such temporary relief and of such removal shall be paid by the said directors at a reasonable allowance.

SECTION 7. The steward or manager of said Poor House is hereby required yearly, on the first Monday of January in each year, to furnish said directors a statement of the income of said real estate, as nearly as the same can be done, also of excess of his expenditures over and above said income; the amount and kind of personal property then on hand, including grain, *et cetera*; the number of poor persons admitted and discharged during the year, with the number then therein; the length of time each remained; and the name, age, and sex of each. The treasurer shall annually, on the first Monday of each year, render to said directors a just and correct account of his receipts and disbursements during the preceding year, and the said directors shall annually, in the month of January in each year, publish, in two papers published in Bloomsburg, a statement of the receipts, disbursements, and expenditures of said corporation during the preceding year, with a statement of the property, real and personal, then held by them.

SECTION 8. That the compensation of the treasurer, collector, steward, matron, physician, and other officers and assistants shall be fixed by the directors, and the compensation of the directors shall be fixed by the Board of Auditors, who shall be appointed by the Court of Quarter Sessions of said county, at each yearly settlement, for the next succeeding year. *Provided*, That the compensation of said directors, from the passage of this act until the first yearly settlement, shall be fixed by the Board or Auditors at the first yearly settlement, the directors to furnish the said auditors a correct account of the time and expenses lost and incurred by them in attending to their duties, from which account the said compensation shall be fixed and adjusted.

SECTION 9. The said directors shall from time to time receive, provide for, and employ, according to the true intent and meaning of this act, all such poor and indigent persons as shall be entitled to relief from any of the several townships or boroughs of Columbia County, and shall be sent there by an order or warrant for that purpose, under the hands and seals of any two justices of the peace of the said county, directed to the Overseers of the Poor of the proper township or borough, and the said directors are hereby authorized, when they shall deem it proper and convenient to do so, to permit any poor person to be maintained elsewhere, *Provided*, The expense of their maintenance does not in any case exceed that for which they could be maintained at the Poor House of the said County of Columbia.

SECTION 10. That it shall be lawful for the said directors, or a majority of them, in the case of any person in their charge as a pauper owning or possessing any real estate or interest in real estate, to apply to the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, or any other counties in this Commonwealth where the said property may be situated, by petition, praying the said Court to grant them an order to make sale of said real estate, or interest therein, for the support and maintenance of said pauper, and that the said Court, if they deem it advisable after considering the application, shall grant an order to said directors to make sale of said real estate or interest therein, or any part thereof, on such terms as the said Court shall think it advisable, and the said directors shall, in pursuance of said order, offer said real estate, or interest therein, on the premises, at public sale, and sell the same at public out-cry, after giving at least twenty days' public notice of the time and place of sale, by three hand-bills, put up in public places, and by advertisement in one newspaper published in the county wherein said property is situated, which sale so made the said directors shall return to the said court, and after confirmation of the same shall execute and deliver to the purchaser a deed of conveyance for said estate, on the said purchaser's full compliance with the terms and conditions of said sale, which deed so made shall vest the property therein described to the grantee as fully and effectually as the said pauper held and enjoyed the same, and that the said directors shall apply the proceeds of said sale, or so much as may be necessary, to the support and maintenance of said pauper, and if any balance shall remain after his or her death, and after deducting funeral expenses, the said directors shall pay over said balance to the legal representatives of said pauper, upon demand made and security being given to indemnify said directors from the claims of all other persons.

SECTION 11. A quorum of said directors shall, and they are hereby enjoined and required, to meet at the said House of Employment at least once in every month, and visit the apartments and see that the poor are comfortably supported, and hear all complaints, and redress, or cause to be redressed, all grievances that may happen by the neglect or misconduct of any person or persons in their employment, or otherwise.

SECTION 12. In case of any vacancy, by death, resignation, or otherwise, of any of the said directors, the remaining directors shall fill such vacancy by the appointment of a citizen of their county, under the same penalty as is provided by the first section of this act, to serve until the next general election, when another director shall be elected, to serve as if no vacancy had happened.

SECTION 13. All claims and demands existing at the time of this act being carried into effect shall have full force and effect, as if this act had not passed; and when the same may have been duly adjusted and settled, all moneys remaining in the hands of the overseers, as well as the uncollected taxes levied for the support of the poor in the several townships, in the County of Columbia, shall be paid over to the supervisors of the Highways of their respective townships, to be by them employed toward repairing the roads therein.

SECTION 14. As soon as the poor of the County of Columbia shall have been removed to the House of Employment of the said county, and the outstanding taxes collected and paid over as directed in section thirteenth of this act, the office of Overseers of the Poor within the accepting town ships shall rom thenceforth be abolished.

SECTION 15. That the said directors or treasurers, or any one or more of the taxpayers of the accepting townships, may, within twenty days from the yearly settlement by the auditors as aforesaid, appeal from such settlement to the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, in the same manner and under the same provisions and regulations that appeals from settlements by township auditors are now allowed.

SECTION 16. That no money shall be paid by the treasurer except upon orders drawn by the directors and signed by at least two of the said directors.

SECTION 17. For the purpose of ascertaining the sense of the citizens of Columbia County, as to the expediency of erecting a Poor House, it shall be the duty of each of the inspectors and judges for the several townships and boroughs, at an election, to be held on the first Tuesday of June, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, to receive tickets, either written or printed, from the qualified voters thereof, labelled on the outside "For a Poor House," and on the inside "For a Poor House" or "Against a Poor House;" and if it shall appear, upon casting up the votes of the different districts, at the Court House, on the Friday following the said election, that a majority of the qualified electors of any township or borough are for a Poor House, then the foregoing act to take effect as to those townships or boroughs; but if a majority of the votes in any township or borough shall be against a Poor House, then the foregoing act to be null and void as to the townships or boroughs voting against such Poor House.

SECTION 18. The non-accepting townships or boroughs shall not be entitled to vote for directors of the said House of Employment; nor shall they be entitled to receive or enjoy any benefits or advantages by virtue of this act; nor shall the directors be chosen from the said non-accepting townships or boroughs; nor shall the auditors mentioned in the eighth section of this act be appointed from any such townships or boroughs, *Provided*, That the directors of the said House of Employment may receive paupers from the same non-accepting townships or boroughs at a rate of compensation per week to be agreed upon and settled by the said Directors and Overseers of the Poor of the townships or boroughs so applying.

SECTION 19. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act, or supplied hereby, are hereby repealed.

JAMES R. KELLEY,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
D. FLEMING,
Speaker of the Senate.

Approved the eleventh day of April, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.
A. G. CURTIN.

ELECTION NOTICE.
Pursuant to the provisions of the foregoing Act of Assembly, notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual place of holding the general elections of the several townships and borough of Columbia County, to be conducted by the respective inspectors and judges of said election, on Tuesday, the 5th of June, A.D. 1866, between the hours of eight o'clock A.M. and seven o'clock P.M., to vote upon the question of "For a Poor House" or "Against a Poor House," and to make return of said election at the Court House, on Friday, the eighth day of June aforesaid, according to law.
SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Pursel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WALLS, SHRINER & Co., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Randel's Patent Hay Hook. The American Fork lifted more hay in one draught than the Randel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much hay into the mow as two good horses can draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it cannot be beat as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.

C. BITTENBENDER,	DR. F. C. HARRISON,
W. B. KOONS,	JOHN DOAK,
JOHN DETERICK,	DANIEL NOYER,
H. DIGLEHILLER,	SYLVESTER PURSEL,
MICHAEL HELLER,	JOHN WOLF.

They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,
second door below Hartman's, Main Street.
Just received a new stock of
ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS,
CORSETS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS,
and every variety of articles usually kept in a
FANCY STORE.
Also
SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,
and a large lot of
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,
and a general and well-selected assortment of
PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.
A. D. WEBB.

EAGLE FOUNDRY.
JOSEPH SHARPLESS,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
STOVES OF EVERY VARIETY,
PLOUGHSHARES, PLOUGHPOINTS,
and all kinds of Castings, on hand or supplied on the shortest notice and at the cheapest rates. Castings for
COAL BREAKERS AND COAL SCHUTES
made to order.

LIFE INSURANCE.
If you wish to live long and die happy, go without delay and
INSURE YOUR LIFE
in the best Company in the world,
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
ITS CASH ASSETS ARE $15,000,000,
and its annual dividend for the fiscal year of 1865 amounts to seventy-five per cent. on all participating premiums, being the largest dividend ever declared by any company for the same length of time. For further information apply to
P. S. RISHEL, Agent,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.
The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of
MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST
FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES,
MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c.
He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.
His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.
Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for Castings.
This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.
PETER BILLMYER.

OMNIBUS LINE.
The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an
OMNIBUS LINE
between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sundays excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.
His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.
Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.
JACOB L. GIRTON, Proprietor.

FORK'S HOTEL,
GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.
The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former customs and the travelling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. His table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*McHenry*"), purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

J. B. PURSEL,
HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTURER,
and dealer in
CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS &c.,
Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.
W. M. MONROE & CO.,
Rupert, Pa.,
Manufacturers of
POWDER KEGS,
and dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER,
give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.
Fresh arrival of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
DAVID LOWENBERG
invites attention to his stock of
CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,
at his store on
Main Street, two doors above the American House,
Bloomsburg, Pa.,
where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of
MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome
DRESS GOODS,
consisting of
BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH
COATS AND PANTS,
of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of
FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,
STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,
SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,
SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES,
He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of
CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,
which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.
GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
of every description, fine and cheap. His case of jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of
CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.
DAVID LOWENBURG.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY,
Bloomsburg, Pa.
M. C. SLOAN & BROTHER,
the successors of
WILLIAM SLOAN & SON,
continue the business of making
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
and every style of
FANCY WAGONS,
which they have constantly on hand to suit customers. Never using any material but the best and employing the most experienced workmen, they hope to continue as heretofore to give entire satisfaction to every customer. An inspection of their work, and of the reasonable price asked for the same, is sure to insure a sale.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toy and Fancy Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also
MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK
TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,
by the dozen or half-dozen. Also
SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.
Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "As medicines quality is of the first importance."
JOHN B. MOYER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.
Owing to the late fall in gold,
EPHRAIM W. ELWELL
has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want
SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES,
CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED
FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH,
BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR,
FEED, &c., &c. &c.,
give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL.

MCKELVY, NEAL & CO.,
Northwest corner of Main and Market Sts.,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Our old customers and the public generally can be accomodated with goods of every style and quality suited for the Spring trade, and at the lowest cost rates. The stock, consisting of
Dry Goods,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Looking Glasses,
Wrapping Paper,
Paints and Oils,
Groceries,
Queensware,
Hardware,
Tinware,
Salt,
Plaster,
Grain and Seeds,
&c., &c., &c.,
is replenished weekly or daily, as necessity requires, from New York and Philadelphia.
IRON AND NAILS,
in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

A STRAY LETTER.

Sweet coz, I really meant to write,
In answer to your last,
A week ago this very night;
Dear me, how time has passed!
You see I've been so busy, love—
And now you know the reason
Of my neglect—from morn till night
Preparing for the season.

Mamma and I together shopped
For one whole week and more,
And all day long we never stopped,
But went from store to store
All through Broadway, both up and down,
On either side the street;
And oh, such patterns! I declare
None ever were so sweet.

We bought, dear me! now let me see,
Twelve dresses for Mamma;
And for myself just twenty-three—
You should have heard Papa
Go on about the bills, he talked
Like one bereft of reason,
As if we both could live without
Our wardrobe for the season.

Oh dear! the men are heartless quite;
I fear my heart will break,
To think, sweet coz, I lay last night
One whole long hour awake—
For oh, to hear Pa talk such stuff,
And prophesy distresses;
I vow I haven't half enough
With fifty different dresses!

I feel so tired, so very tired
With working hard all day,
I fear I sha'n't make out to write
The half I've got to say,
I never sew, good gracious! no,
I leave that to Miss Prink—
But then it is such weary work
To have to sit and think.

To think what buttons, white or brown,
For this dress and for that,
What sort of trimming will look best,
What flowers for your hat,
And then to-day I've wound four skeins,
And one of them was double,
While all required the nicest pains,
And gave me so much trouble!

And oh, the trying on, it's worse
Than all the rest beside!
This neck is high, this waist too short,
This sleeve a trifle wide,
I'm like a martyr at the stake,
Alas! it's no use sighing;
I'd rather sit all day and make
Than be forever trying.

To think a whole week has gone by
Since I received a call,
For we're so busy, Ma and I,
We don't receive at all,
I'm almost dying, too, to know
About my friends the Chases,
What goods they bought, we met, at least,
In fifty different places.

Of satins, silks, delaines, berege,
My brain is always teeming,
Of tarltons, poplins, muslins, tulle
I am forever dreaming.
In visions through the night I see
All round me cherub faces,
With wings of gauze, look out and smile
From clouds composed of laces.

The clock's at twelve, my ormolu,
Its silvery stroke I hear;
And now, sweet coz, I'll say adieu,
A thousand kisses, dear,
Ma chere amie, I've nothing more
Particular to tell,
So for the present *au revoir*,
From yours sincerely—Belle.

AGRICULTURAL.

Field Corn.

Every man has a definite notion of what field corn is, yet how different are these ideas! To the Canadian or Maine reader it means a little five-foot variety, with eight-inch ears, and eight-rowed; the kernels usually yellow as gold, and hard as flint. He plants it in rows three feet apart, and in hills twenty to twenty-four inches apart in the rows. It may be planted in June, and cut up in ninety days. To the Connecticut Valley and New York farmers field corn is larger, coarser, taller, of larger ears, of more various colors and qualities—planted in hills three to three and a half feet apart, usually in May, and harvested in September, allowing one hundred and twenty or more days for it to mature enough to be cut up. As we go West and South the size of the plant and the length of season required for its development and perfection increase; four and five feet apart is no unusual distance to find the hills, and the ears, instead of being eight-rowed and twelve to fourteen inches long, as in the Middle and Eastern States, are short, thick, and twelve to twenty rowed, while the kernels lose their flinty character, in a measure, and gain a certain mealiness, and in shape resemble a gourd seed or horse's tooth. The varieties of corn are *almost* infinite (if we may use the expression); and yet it is remarkable that the plant is everywhere governed by the same rules of culture, and instructions good for Maine will apply in Louisiana.

Corn needs a deep and rich soil, or especial manuring, and the ground must be dry and warm. The culture should be thorough previous to pulverization, with the dissemination of manure through the soil, by ploughing and harrowing, unless, indeed, the corn be planted on a good sward, turned under, in which case manuring with a good compost, stable manure, or some concentrated fertilizer in the hill is desirable on soils which need manuring to ensure a good crop. After planting the culture should consist in keeping the weeds down, and the surface free and open, for the action of the air and the absorption of dew and other moisture.

The stalks should not be so crowded that they cannot mature well; and if the culture be thorough, farmers generally err in putting the drills too far apart, and letting too many stalks stand in each hill. It is much more economical of space to plant in drills; the stalks a foot apart, and the drills thirty inches to four and a half feet, according to the variety, this distance being a little less than half the height of the stalks on an average. Never allow more than four stalks to a hill. If all the culture is to be done by horse-power, it pays to sacrifice a little of the land to convenience, and put the corn in hills equally distant, and in true rows, running both ways.—*New York Agriculturist.*

Sheep.

We are strong advocates for shearing sheep unwashed. They may thus be sheared much earlier; there is little danger of their taking cold; the coolness of the weather is supposed to influence a more rapid renewing of their covering; and by the time the Summer's sun beats down hot and scorching upon their backs, they are sufficiently protected not to be blistered, as sometimes happens in late shorn flocks. All flocks ought to be dipped after shearing. Unless the ticks or lice are very thick, the dipping should be postponed till warmer weather than we usually have in May. The gradual accustoming of sheep to grass is quite as important as the same treatment for neat cattle. Do not withhold the grain, but keep it up until after the flock is well established upon grass. They should also be turned to grass gradually, two or three hours a day, in addition to their full regular feeding of hay, etc. No one should overlook the great value of his stock as manure-makers. This will in many parts of the country make it very remunerative to have the cows all yarded or stabled at night and the sheep folded.

Grape Vines

may yet be planted. In most localities the vines are already tied to the trellis; but where there are late frosts it is better to leave them on the ground, where they can be protected. In putting them up after the buds have started there is great danger of injuring the young shoots by careless handling. Whatever may be the system upon which a vine is to be trained, it must first be prepared for the operation, and the attention of the cultivator must be devoted to getting a strong plant to work upon. The proper way to do this is to let a young vine grow only one shoot the first year. The second year two buds are to be permitted to grow. Those who begin thus will have a vine upon which they may practise any kind of training they please.

To Destroy House Flies.

House flies may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison. Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

UNINTENTIONAL INFLUENCE.

It is thought by many persons that we each carry with us a certain atmosphere, or a mesmeric influence, by which we affect others in various ways. However this may be, or however unconscious we may be of our own influence on those around us, we cannot be insensible to the different effects produced on ourselves by the various persons with whom we come in contact. There are those whom we sincerely respect, and with whose personal appearance, conversation, and manners we can find no very definite fault; and yet we feel ourselves repulsed by an unpleasant *something* which we cannot explain. So there are others who draw us to themselves by an indefinable charm.

One friend brings into our dwelling a glow as of sunshine, while the influence of another is like the softer radiance of the moonlight. One receives us like a sea-breeze after a sultry day; and yet with another this breeziness is carried to such an excess that there is no more repose for us in that presence than in a gale of wind. One will so put his soul into a smile, or a warm grasp of the hand, that we shall be the happier from the memory of it for hours or even days afterward; but there are others, alas! poor souls! whose influence grates on the nerves like the creaking of a door or a discord in music.

I recollect, years ago, attending morning prayers in an Episcopal church, in one of the cities of a neighboring State, on New Year's Day. The service was an interesting one, and the greetings that followed were very pleasant, especially one from a lady, who, although we were unknown to each other even by name, gave me her cordial good wishes. On our way home we met a person, also a stranger, the expression of whose face, in contrast with the scene we had left, chilled us like a blast from the polar regions. Was the man sensible of being out of harmony with the cheerful life around him?

I have sometimes compared the influence of certain friends to the varying perfumes of certain plants or flowers. One excellent woman, not particularly pleasing in outward appearance, but gifted with abundance of practical wisdom and energy, and most true in the Christian discharge of difficult duties, was like the refreshing odor of some of the aromatic herbs. Another, a young lady, who combined with a good deal of personal beauty a mind of rare loveliness and spirituality, reminded me of the ethereal fragrance of the heliotrope. Neither character could by any possibility be transformed into the other; but each was excellent in its own place and way.

The question may arise, How far are we accountable for those subtle influences that go out from us? Undoubtedly there are some characteristics so inherent in our individual natures that we cannot change them; but over the voluntary manifestations of our varying moods, and even our permanent feelings, we should exercise control from Christian principle, as they affect, more or less, the comfort and happiness of those around us.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

AMERICAN VELVET.

The machinery for the manufacture of American velvet was introduced into this country by the inventor, a Mr. Holt, of Cheshire, England, and its superiority in the matter of rapidity is said to be as great as that of the modern railroads over the stage-coach system. The method is as follows: Grooved brass rods or wires were placed under the web which forms the pile, secured by threads woven into the warp. The weaver cuts the threads by means of a knife held in the hand, the blade of which slides along the groove, dividing the pile into two rows of threads, thus giving a nap or pile of the depth inserted. The manufacture, according to the patented method, is accomplished by weaving two warps or foundations, with a middle warp alternately rising into the upper and lower, being secured by two shuttles moving at once. The knife moves horizontally, in the same direction as the shuttles, and the two warps and the pile between are divided, and the naps are cut out equal lengths. Two piled fabrics, the exact counterpart of each other, are thus made at one time. The shuttles and knives are all impelled by the ordinary motions of the power-loom. The statement that one hundred and ten picks or threads are made in a minute (or nearly two every second) will give some idea of the rapidity of the manufacture. A man with the patented machine can make from fifty to sixty yards per week, while eight or ten yards would be a good week's work for same person should he make use of the ordinary hand-loom. The saving of labor by this process over the wire-weaving method is estimated at from fifty to seventy per cent., while the fabrics are equal and in some respects superior to those of foreign make. The looms are adapted to the manufacture of piled fabrics, such as silk plush, since an article of this nature for gentlemen's caps has become very popular as a substitute for fur. Tartan or clan velvets are also made.

FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

The Lost Child.

All along the beautiful German rivers you can see, scattered on the over-hanging hills, gray ivy-castles. Some of them are crumbling into ruins, and some are as steady and as grand as ever. Dreary they look to us, as places to live in, but they have all been pleasant homes once, for love can make any home pleasant. In one of these castles, some years ago, there lived a beautiful lady and little girl. This lady's husband was a soldier, and had gone away to fight in a foreign war; so she was all alone, except her servants and her child, little Gretchen; that is the same as Margaret—it means a pearl, you know, and she was more precious to her mother than many pearls, for Lady Gertrude, as the people called her, loved that little girl more than her own life. Gretchen had a sweet voice, as many of the German children have, and it made the old castle glad as she ran about in the lonely rooms, singing the ballads which her mother used to teach her.

One time her mother had to go to a distant city, and leave Gretchen with her nurse. It was the first time in her life that she had left her darling for so long a time. Many were the commands which she gave the servants to look after and for her child, but they were careless, and Gretchen was left to wander round at her pleasure, even outside the gates of the castle. It was nearly sunset one afternoon when a band of strolling players, who had been hanging around the castle, were surprised at hearing a sweet baby voice sing over their ballads, and at seeing Gretchen's pretty childish figure among them.

Her love of their songs had led her to follow these roving players so far that now it was nearly nightfall and she could not find her way home, and with tearful eyes she begged the old woman who saw her first to take her to her mamma. It was growing cold, and her little dress of thinnest lawn was but poor protection. She clasped her hands and cried bitterly: "Take me home, please take me home. I am mamma's pearl, and if I get lost she will die; see, this is my mamma," and she drew from her bosom a little miniature of the Lady Gertrude. It was set with pearls and brilliants; the old woman's hand grasped it eagerly, but Gretchen's look of agony stopped her.

"We'll take you home," they said, "but your home is a great way from here."

So they dressed her like a gipsy child and led her with them, far away from the Lady Gertrude, far from the castle by the joining river, and far from all the pleasant things which made up Gretchen's home. And when she would beg them to take her home they would tell her that she was going toward her home, but it was a great way off. They took the miniature and broke off its exquisite setting, leaving only the painting that she bore around her neck still, for the picture was all she cared for.

The lady of the castle returned, and there was mourning far and wide for the lost child, the darling of the castle. They searched for her many weeks, but their search was useless, and finally they said she must have been drowned in the river or lost in the forest, but no one dared to whisper it to the lady of the castle, for fear it would break her heart. And so the light of the castle went out for Lady Gertrude, and all its beauty faded. The roses clustered over the lattice and hung in crimson wreathes around her window; and they faded, and the green pines were heavy and white with the snows of Winter; but it was all alike to her; the light of her life had faded too.

Her harp was untouched in the hall, for the only music which she could bear to hear was the music of Gretchen's sweet childish voice as it sung in her heart forever. Years went by, and her friends used every effort to comfort her in her sorrow; and she went with them to Gretchen's room for the first time since her loss. The moon shone clear and bright that evening on the little bed and its snowy covering, and pillows where she had so often watched her rosy sleep; and the mother knelt by the little bed, and prayed earnestly that God would give her back her darling in His own good time, and help her to say, "Thy will be done."

They went out together, the knight Siegfried and his lady. And all the land was full of their deeds of kindness. The whole hope of her life seemed to be that she might comfort all who were in sorrow, even as she hoped that God would one day comfort her. But her sorrow took away her strength and health, and they went at last, the knight and his lady, to seek for both in sunny Italy. Her sickness was such as no change of climate could cure; not even the sweet blue skies of Florence and the breath of its thousand flowers. Yet there was always in her heart a faint hope that one day her darling would come back to her. It grew fainter every day, and she never breathed it to any one. She was thinking about it one pleasant afternoon in early Spring as she lay on a couch by an open window. They had taken her there, for she was scarcely able to walk through the room. She lay watching the busy crowds in the streets, for it was a feast day, and the flower girls went in and out among the crowd, bearing their fragrant burdens.

"Take these flowers, lady," said a sweet voice by the window, and a fair-haired girl in a festal dress looked pityingly at her, and laid a spray of snowy japonicas upon the window seat. She spoke Italian, but not as the natives speak; and although very sunburnt, yet her golden hair and blue eyes looked strangely out of place among the dark-eyed Florentines. Something in her voice sounded strangely familiar to the Lady Gertrude—something like echoes which had long lingered in her heart. The flower girl had given the sweetest flowers in her basket to the sick stranger, and hastened away, trilling, as she went, a few notes of a little song, the same that used to echo through the halls in the old castle by the river. The lady called her back and asked her all about her home. Was she a Florentine? She could remember but very little about her early life. She had not always lived in Florence. It was a long, long way off; when she lived far north, when she had a mother. She had her mother's picture with her, and she drew from her bosom the little broken miniature.

It was there, just as she herself had clasped it on Gretchen's neck, so many years ago; and as the lady looked at it, she scarcely recognized it for her own picture. That was so bright and beautiful, and she herself was worn and faded with long watching and sorrow. She spoke in German, and called her by the endearing names that she used to at home, until at last the flower girl became conscious of the truth, and as it flashed on her mind, she sunk beside the couch and buried her face in the folds of her mother's dress; and the two wept together for the joy of their hearts. The sunset died over the river and the stars came out in the sky while mother and child sat together in happiness too deep for words. And health and strength came back to the mother, and before many weeks were passed they went back to Germany, and Gretchen, their own daughter, went with them to be the light of the castle, the sunshine of the Lady Gertrude's heart, as she had been in years gone by. In that Italian city there is a little church, a perfect gem of architectural beauty; a grateful mother had lavished upon it all that wealth could procure or the most perfect taste devise. The altar cloth is of pure white velvet, and Lady Gertrude's bridal dress, and in its fringes are woven with cunning artifice the richest of the jewels which had long been the pride of Lord Siegfried's family and her own. In the floor of the church there is set a little tablet telling in a few German words, in antique characters, the story of Lady Gertrude's life: "I have found my child."

AFFECTION BEAUTIFULLY DISPLAYED.

Monsieur D—— and his wife were rich to luxuriance; but they had a daughter, the eldest, in whom their pride had once centred, who, by a sad dispensation of Providence, was rendered a cripple for life. No marriage and no betrothment lay before her desolate and widowed maidenhood. But the parents, with a tenderness worthy of all emulation, atoned for the lack of wooers by the constancy and delicacy of their devotion; and as her age drew on to maturity, they determined to surprise their unfortunate child with such show of splendor and such token of their love as should keep the smiles upon her pale face, and lend such relief as friends could lend to the desolation of her lot.

A new suite of apartments were added to their rooms, unknown to her, and furnished with the richest of Parisian decorations. New jewels were purchased and displayed upon the delicately-wrought toilet-tables; a new portrait of her pale face, done at the hands of the most distinguished artist, hung upon the wall; and chairs and lounges, rich with brocade, invited to repose and languor. Garlands and vases of orange flowers perfumed the air; gifts from scores of friends were scattered around; and everything bespoke the apparel and the pleasures of a bride.

Upon the expected birthday all the dearest friends of the poor girl were invited to a *fete*; and by magic, as it seemed, the new apartments were thrown open to her bewildered gaze, and every article of luxury was blazoned with her cipher.

The child turned inquiringly to her parents, and by their caresses was taught that this was her bridal day; since now she was wedded anew, by all these tokens, to her father's and her mother's love, which would watch over her in the new and brilliant home always. Here, too, she could invite, when and as she chose, the friends of her girlhood; and if fate had made her lot one of maidenly retirement, it was yet quickened with all the luxuries of wealth, and the better wealth of parental tenderness.

Say what we will of the French, there is very much in their domestic relations to be zealously admired. Not anywhere in the wide world does a son so cling to the father, or the father to the son.

HABITS OF THE WASP.

The subterfuges resorted to by animals in search of food have been regarded by the general reader as the most interesting and instructive portion of the works of naturalists. An incident illustrative of the cunning of the wasp was recently related to us by an observing gentleman. A blue wasp, known as the solitary wasp, because it lives alone in its little clay nest, was seen to hurl itself upon the strong wheel-shaped web of a large spider. Here it set up a loud buzzing, like that of a fly when accidentally entangled in a similar web. The spider, watching at the door of his silken domicile, stole cautiously forth. His advance was slow, for he evidently felt that he was approaching no common enemy. The apparently desperate yet fruitless efforts of the wasp to free himself encouraged the spider and lured him forward. But when within some three inches of his intended victim the wasp suddenly freed himself from his mock entanglement, and darting upon the poor spider, in a moment, as it were, pierced him with his deadly sting in a hundred places. The wasp then bore his ill-gotten spoil to his lonely home. This home is built of clay, thimble-shaped, and originally containing but one apartment. In the lower part of this *cul-de-sac* the wasp deposits its eggs. Immediately over them it draws a thin glutinous curtain. Upon this curtain it packs away the proceeds of its hunting excursions, such as spiders, flies, and all other insects which it regards as suitable food for its young. Consequently, when the young escape from the ova, they find above them a well-stocked larder, and gradually eat their way through the choice depository, finally appearing to the delighted world in the agreeable form and stature of perfect wasps.

WIT AND HUMOR.

What plaything is above every other? The top.

When is a man thinner than a lath? When he's a-shavin'.

Trifles often fill up the measure of human character and actions.

It is not the varnish upon a carriage that gives it motion and strength.

A silver chain around a dog's neck will not prevent his barking or biting.

Good news for husbands—Ladies wear their dresses longer than they used.

At what time should an inn-keeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a bar-maid.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretend to be such.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of rheumatism.

A stranger to law courts hearing a judge call a sergeant "brother," expressed his surprise. "Oh," said one present, "they are brothers—brothers-in-law."

"Poor old General Debility!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, "it is surprising how long he lives, and what excitement he creates; the papers are full of remedies for him."

A woman being induced to try the power of kindness on her husband, and being told that it would heap coals of fire on his head, replied that she had tried "boiling water, but it didn't do a bit of good."

"Are them all Bibles?" asked a countryman the other day in the register's office, pointing to the big volumes of wills upon the shelves. "No, sir," answered one of the clerks, "those are *testaments*."

A newspaper correspondent describing the costume of a belle at a recent ball says: "Miss R., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her sex, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat white button solitaire."

Billings says: "I could never find the meaning of the word 'coll-ide' in Webster. But riding one day on the New York railway I saw it all. It was the attempt of two trains to pass each other on a single track. If I remember correctly, it was a shocking failure."

"I think," said a fellow, the other day, "I should make a good member of Congress, for I use their language. I received two bills a short time since, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

A letter from Paris reports that the fashionable women, not contented with wearing crinolines the springs of which are made of pure gold and silver, have taken a fancy to boots with heels plated with the same precious metals. These boots may be seen in the shop windows of some of the fashionable shoemakers.

"If you had avoided rum," said a wealthy though not intelligent grocer to his intemperate neighbor, "your early habits, industry, and intellectual abilities would now have permitted you to ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum for me to buy," replied the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused by the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls where the pills had been destined. The people who received the fowls were astonished at the accompanying direction: "Swallow one every two hours."

Twenty or twenty-five years ago old Phleg, up in Madison County, was telling his friend Jones consarnin' of a fight. Phleg had very little education, but Jones was a man of right smart reading. So Phleg went on tellin': "And," says he, "they fit and fit." "And," says Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on fittin'?" Old Phleg drawed himself up, and looked as sour as buttermilk into Jones's face. Says he: "You're mighty precise about langwige—FOUT, then, blast you!"

An old fellow in a neighboring town who is original in all things, especially in excessive egotism and profundity, and who took part in the late great Rebellion, was one day blowing in the village tavern to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question: "I say, old Joe, how many Rebs did you kill during the war?" "How many did I kill, sir? *how many* Rebs did I kill? Well, I don't 'zactly know *how* many; but I know this much—I killed as many o' them *as they did o' me*."

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